

The night seemed interminable. It seemed as though the dawn would never come. If they could only take some note of the time by consulting their watches. But it was impossible to light a match. Cross tried to do so, but had to give it up. Then Donagan hit upon another plan for finding out the time. It took twelve turns of the key to wind his watch up every twenty-four hours. As he had wound it up at eight o'clock in the evening, he had only to count the number of turns to ascertain the hours that had elapsed. This is what he did, and having only four turns to make, he concluded that eight hours had gone by, and that it was now four o'clock in the morning. The day would soon break.

Soon afterwards the first streak of dawn appeared in the east. The storm continued, and as the clouds were low over the sea, rain was to be feared before they could get back to quarters. But before they started they must search for survivors of the wreck which had occurred. As soon as the early morning light had penetrated the thick mists in the offing, they went out on the beach, struggling not without difficulty against the blasts of the storm. Often they had to hold each other up to save themselves from being blown over. The boat had been left near a low ridge of sand, and they could see by the line of weed that the tide had risen and passed it. No trace of its former occupants was visible.

"Where are they?" asked Cross. "Where are they?" answered Donagan, pointing to the sea, which was rolling in angrily. "There, where the outgoing tide has taken them."

Donagan crept along to the ridge of rocks and swept his glass over the waves. Not a corpse did he see! He rejoined his companion, who had remained near the boat. Perhaps a survivor of the catastrophe would be found inside her. The boat was empty. She was the long-boat of some merchantman, decked forward, and about 30 feet on the keel. She was no longer seaworthy: her starboard side had been stove in below the water line when she was cast on the beach. A stump of the mast broken off at the step, a few tatters of sail caught on to the cleats at the gunwale, and a few ropes' ends were all that remained of her rigging. Provisions, utensils, weapons, there were none either in the lockers or in the little cabin in the bow. On the stern two names showed the ship to which she belonged, and the port of register: "Severn—San Francisco."

Donagan and Cross knew, by daylight, that they were clear across the lake from their quarters, and they at once started to skate "home," as they called their island refuge. They had not gone far when they saw a strange and horrifying sight.

Imbedded in the clear ice under their feet was the body of a girl.

She was Kate Penfield, lying where the murderous mutineers had thrown her but the water had frozen over and around her, and so it was that she was solidly encased in the ice.

### CHAPTER III

We must now go back a little, in point of time, in order to tell that the five pioneer castaways, headed by Briant, had made all possible endeavors to ascertain the exact geographical location of the island but without avail. They did not know whether it was hundreds of miles from the South American continent, or merely far enough distant from a mainland to be out of sight from them. They had discussed plans for getting a higher point of observation than the flat ground afforded. Briant then had a very hazardous idea—a mad idea it may be thought—that he would have nothing to do with at first. But it haunted him with such persistency that he eventually adopted it. It was nothing less than an ascent by means of a big kite. That is what seized on Briant's imagination. That there was a certain danger in the attempt mattered little. The risk would be nothing compared to the result which might be obtained. If all precautions were taken that prudence required was there not a chance that the operation would succeed? He could be lifted a few hundred feet in the air, and perhaps detect the existence of continental land to the eastward.

And then Briant, not without some uneasiness, lest his plans should be received unfavorably, unfolded it in a few words. His comrades did not laugh. Gordon asked if he was speaking seriously, and the others seemed to approve of the notion. They saw nothing impossible in an ascent of such a character. If everything was done that could be done to insure safety, they were willing to try it.

"All depends," he concluded, "on the size of the kite and the force of the wind at the time of the ascent."

"What height are you going up to?" asked Baxter.

"I think we should get up about 700 feet," answered Briant.

So an enormous kite was built. It was strengthened very much by means of cords fastened to a central knot in the same way as an umbrella frame is held, by the radial bars. The surface was made of canvas. Had Briant been stronger in mechanics, they would have taken into consideration the principal "elements," the weight, the plane surface, the center of the wind's pressure, which is the same as the center of the figure, and the point to which the cord should be attached, and when these had been worked out, they could have arrived at the ascensional power of the kite and the height it would attain. And the calculation would also have told them what should be the breaking strength of the cord—a condition of the utmost importance for the safety of the observer.

Fortunately, the wrecked schooner's log-line, which was nearly 2,000 feet long, came in capitally. But a kite does not pull so very much when the angle at which it is flown is properly chosen. To be used as it was going to be, the kite did not require a tail. There would be no occasion for it, as the weight it would have to lift would be quite enough to keep it steady.

After several trials, Briant found it best to attach the weight to a cross-bar fixed a third of the way up the center. Two cords, one at each end of this, were arranged so that the weight hung some 20 feet below the kite. Twelve hundred feet of string were wound off, and this, allowing for the slope, would let the kite fly seven or eight hundred feet above the ground.

When the kite was finished it presented a surface of about 80 square yards in the form of an octagon four feet on the side with a radial length of about 15. With its strong ribs, and its impermeable covering, it could easily lift a weight of 120 pounds. The car in which the observer was to take up his position was one of those wicker baskets that serve so many purposes on board a yacht. It was deep enough to reach up to the armpits, large enough to give him full liberty of movement, and open enough for him to get out of easily, if he wanted to do so.

But how was the aeronaut to let them know below when he wished to come down? There was a string as long as the cord, one end of which would remain on the ground and the other be fixed to the car: on the string was a lump of lead with a hole in the middle so that it slid up and down. The lead was to go up in the car, and whoever went up was to let it slip along the string when he wanted to come down.

Everything being ready the preliminary ascent was begun. The yacht's winch had been fixed firmly in the ground on the terrace. The long line had been carefully wound on so as to run out easily with the signal string. In the car Briant had put a bag of mould weighing 130 pounds. Donagan, Baxter, Cross, and Gordon took up their position near the kite, which lay on the ground 100 yards from the winch. When Briant gave the word, they would raise the kite by means of cords tied to the ribs, and as soon as the wind caught it the others would manage the winch so as to let out the cord as required.

All this preparation was completed a few days before the skating party, and nothing but a favorable wind was awaited for the important ascension.

Early in the morning after the absence of Donagan and Cross, a favorable wind arose and Briant said:

"There is a special and urgent reason for making the trial now. We may, by means of it, discover our lost companions."

The final preparations were rapid, yet careful. Soon Briant was in the car, and as soon as he had fixed himself comfortably, he gave the order to let the kite go. The kite rose gently at first; then Baxter and Gordon at the winch let the string run out quickly, while one allowed the signal cord to run smoothly through his fingers.

Regularly rose the kite. The steady breeze assured perfect stability. Briant experienced none of those oscillations which might have made his position more perilous. He remained motionless, with his hands grasping the cords that held up the car, which swayed gently as if it were a swing. He had a strange feeling at first, when suspended in space from this huge inclined plane which rustled in the wind. It seemed as though he were being lifted by some fantastic bird of prey, or rather, an enormous black bat. But, thanks to the energy of his character, he was able to keep as cool as the adventure required.

Ten minutes after the kite had left the ground a slight shock indicated that its as-

scensional movement was about to cease. Arriving at the end of the string, it began to rise, not without a few jerks. Briant coolly caught hold of the string run through the ball, and began his observations. Holding on with one hand to the suspension cord, with the other he held his field-glass. Below him the frozen lake, the forests, the cliff, formed a panorama. But the purpose of distant observation was not to be achieved. The sky suddenly became too misty for him to see well; but a bright light, reflecting on to the lower banks of cloud, attracted his attention. It was a mile away only, and among the trees.

Briant concluded naturally, that the fire had been kindled by Donagan and Cross, and that by it they had spent the night. But he was mistaken. What he saw was the camp-fire of Walston and his mutineers of the Severn.

Sweeping the frozen lake with his glass, Briant soon discovered Donagan and Cross. That was at the moment when they had discovered Kate Penfield frozen in the ice. Briant could not see what they were about, nor did he wait long to try.

Making sure that the signal cord was clear, he let go the ball, which in a few seconds slipped down to the ground. Immediately the winch began to wind. It can be imagined with what extreme impatience the others had waited for the signal for descent. The 20 minutes Briant had passed in the air seemed to them interminable. They now worked away vigorously at the winch. The wind had gained strength, and blew more unsteadily. They could feel the jerks on the string and began to fear with keen anxiety that Briant would come to grief.

The winch spun round as hard as they could drive it, but to get in 1,200 feet of cord took much time. The wind kept rising, and three-quarters of an hour after the signal had been given it was blowing quite fresh.

The kite at the time was more than a hundred feet above the lake. Suddenly there was a violent jerk. The men at the winch found resistance gone and fell forward on to the ground.

The string had broken. Briant would have been killed instantly if he had fallen on solid ground. But the ice on which he struck was thin at that point, for it chanced that the eddy of a spring had prevented it freezing to the same depth as had been the case where the water was still. His weight broke through it readily, and he found himself stunned, but afloat in the icy lake.

Briant was clear-headed enough to realize that he could not save himself. But he doubted if he would be able to keep his head above water until his friends could reach him. So he nerved himself to wait.

Before he had more than formed that resolution, he saw a stranger come stalking over the ice—a man of fine physical proportions and handsome features, but with a singularly expressionless face.

The reader knows that this strange figure was Frank Evans!

All night the soul and boy of Evans had been kept separate by the ice. The soul had guided the movements of the body, but the man's intellect had been bewildered and—as he afterwards explained—he had not comprehended his abnormal condition. He felt as if submerged, and he wondered vaguely why he did not drown. We have already said that we must relegate to the scientists the solution of this case's mystery. We tell the story.

Briant saw the body of Frank Evans walk directly toward him, with the void and vacant visage of an idiot or somnambulist. Nor did it stop on reaching the edge of the broken ice. It stepped right into the water.

At the plunge, Briant discovered that the face of the stranger became illumined like a flash with expressive mentality.

The soul and the body of Frank Evans were no longer kept apart by the ice. He was himself again, with all his mental and physical faculties in full operation. He employed them instantly for the rescue of the weakening Briant, and when Baxter and Gordon arrived on the spot, they found the two wet and chilled men safe out of the water. The rescued couple were hurried to quarters, where Evans narrated his adventures as his hosts dried, warmed and fed him.

An hour later, Frank Evans had a heroic opportunity to prove his restored strength of soul and body. Naturally, no time was wasted in setting out in search of Kate Penfield—as to whose fate he was in ignorance. Even before the three others were ready, Evans went out a little way into the woods to look around. There he came suddenly face to face with Hanso Walston.

That scoundrel had seen the smoke from the hut of the colonists, and was approaching it when he met the only man alive who could expose the truth of the mutiny of the Severn. Walston's bloodthirsty instinct impelled him to draw a knife and set upon Evans. But he found an opponent armed similarly and a short but desperate fight ensued. At the end of it, Walston lay on the ground justly punished to death.

Only one more event on this island of wonders remains to be told. Evans, Briant, Baxter, and Gordon were ready once more to go to the inquest of Kate Penfield, when the missing Donagan and Cross returned to tell what they had discovered in the ice across the lake. Evans was well nigh prostrated by the news of his sweetheart's fate. But, with the sentiment usual to mourners, he was impatient to reclaim the loved one.

So it was very quickly that the six men started across the ice. On reaching the place of Kate's singular burial it was resolved to cut out a block of ice in the transparent congelation of which the girl lay, and then drag the frozen sarcophagus to the shore. That plan seemed to best conserve a loving and respectful treatment of the body.

The work required several hours, but at length an oblong block of ice, containing the poor girl was raised out. The grief-stricken Evans threw himself on it and kissed the cold surface over his sweetheart's face, which was but thinly covered by the ice. His warm breath melted the surface, and then his gentle yet eager hands removed the film of ice until her visage was bare.

Then came the marvel: Kate Penfield's eyes opened, her lips parted, and she began to breathe.

She awakened from a cataleptic suspension of animation, such as we already know her to have been subject, and the ice had not in closed her fatally. The block was dragged to the quarters as fast as the men could run. Then bravely was given to her while the ice which bound her rapidly broken away. She was not frozen. The condition of catalepsy, or temporary lifelessness, had served as a protection against the frigidity of her inclosure. After a week of illness she was fully recovered.

Deadly to the remnant of Walston's band, however, was the ice of July in the Antipodes. They were found frozen to death in the woods.

The other castaways repaired the Severn's boat, and, aided by the skill of Frank Evans as a navigator, made a safe voyage to the coast of South America, where among other comforts of civilization, a priest was found to marry Evans and Kate.

### Girls of the Future.

It is very fortunate for the woman suffrage cause that Mr. Grant Allen has been so notoriously recognized as an opponent, for had it been a friend of course who had advocated such license in the marriage relation as has Mr. Allen we should never have heard the last of it. In the May issue of the *Universal Review*, of London, Mr. Allen has an article on "The Girl of the Future." He seethes well educated in a varied curriculum, able to earn her own living without a husband, and consequently emancipated from the established moral order. This condition is to result in their regarding maternity as a religious act and the choice of the best father for each of their children a sacred duty; a system of polyandry being established. Mr. Allen does not tell us why, given the same education, financial independence, religious conception of the sacred duties of maternity, the woman might not exercise the same discriminating choice as to the prospective father of her children without breaking up the present system of monogamy, but rather carrying it toward perfection. Heretofore, owing to our unfortunate system of education, women have chosen husbands for themselves, ignoring their qualities as fathers for their prospective children. The educated, sensible woman of the future will take a comprehensive survey of the relationship, and the fact that the choice is for life will ensure more careful selection and consequently more harmonious marriages. Mr. Allen is exceedingly unfortunate, but evidences his accustomed style of reasoning in arguing polyandry for the educated "Girl of the Future" from the polyandry of the negroes of Jamaica simply because the fact of financial independence is, or will be, common to both.

The French decree rescinding the prohibition of American pork, which takes immediate effect, simply enacts that the duty on American salt pork, hams and bacon, which paid eleven francs before the prohibition, will now be twenty francs per 100 kilos, or 250 lbs. In accordance with the new tariff all the prohibition will be abolished.